

Rocke the Babie Joane:

JOHN his Petition to his louing Wife *Joane*,
To suckle the Babe that was none of her owne.

To the Tune of, *Under and over.*



A Young man in our Parish,
His wife was somewhat currish,
For she refus'd to nourish
a child which he brought home:
He got it on an other,
And death had taneth the mother,
The truth he could not smother,
all out at last did come:

Suckle the Baby,
huggle the Baby;
Rocke the Baby Ione.
I scorne to suckle the Baby,
Vnlesse it were mine owne.

His wife cry'd out on one day,
I thinke it was on Sunday,
The next day being Sunday,
his Wench in sunder fell:
The Dad on't shee deserv'd,
Which hauing done, shee dyed,
This could not be denyed,
alas he knew't too well.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

The Parish him inforced
To see the Infant nursed,
He being but lightly pursed,
desir'd to saue that charge:
He brought it to his owne wife,
Whom he lou'd as his owne life:
To her the case was knowne rife,
he told her all at large.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Quoth he my Ione my dearest,
Thy loue to mee is nearest;
Thy vertue & ill shine clearest;
in doing this good deed:
This Infant young is left heere,
Unable to make shift heere,
It will be of life bereft heere,
vnlesse thou doe it feed.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Alway thou false Deceiner,
Quoth shee farewell for euer;
I am resolued neuer
To leue thee as I did:
Alas quoth hee my honny,
I wou'd not for any money,
By thee my sweetest conny,
to be so threelody chid.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Although I lou'd his mother,
He towe to lone none other,
What needst thou keepe this pether,
since shee (poore wretch) is dead:
So more she can thee trouble,
And 'twould be charges dooble,
If euery moneth a Noble
I pay for milke and bread:
Suckle the Baby,
Huggle the Baby,
Rocke the Babie Ione.
I scorne to suckle the Baby,
Vnlesse it were mine owne.

Rocke the Babie Joane:

JOHN his Petition to his louing Wife *IOANE*,
To suckle the Babe that was none of her owne.

To the Tune of, *Under and over.*



A Young man in our Parish,
His wife was somewhat currish,
For she refus'd to nourish
a child which he brought home:
He got it on an other,
And death had taned the mother,
The truth he could not smother,
all out at last did come:

Suckle the Baby,
huggle the Baby;
Rocke the Baby Ione.
I scorne to suckle the Baby,
Vnlesse it were mine owne.

His wife cry'd out on one day,
I thinke it was on Sunday,
The next day being Sunday,
his Wench in sunder fell:
The Dad on't shee deserv'd,
Which hauing done, shee dyed,
This could not be denyed,
alas he knew't too well.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

The Parish him inforced
To see the Infant nursed,
He being but lightly pursed,
desir'd to saue that charge:
He brought it to his owne wife,
Whom he lou'd as his owne life:
To her the case was knowne rife,
he told her all at large.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Quoth he my Ione my dearest,
Thy loue to mee is rarest;
Thy vertue & ill shine clearest;
in doing this good deed:
This Infant young is left heere,
Unable to make shift heere,
It will be of life bereft heere,
vnlesse thou doe it feed.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Alway thou false Deceiner,
Quoth shee farewell for euer;
I am resolued neuer
To leue thee as I did:
Alas quoth hee my honny,
I wou'd not for any money,
Wp thee my sweetest conny,
to be so threely thyd.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Although I lou'd his mother,
He towe to lone none other,
What needst thou keepe this pether,
since shee (poore wretch) is dead:
So more she can thee trouble,
And 'twould be charges dooble,
If euery moneth a Noble
I pay for milke and bread:
Suckle the Baby,
Huggle the Baby,
Rocke the Babie Ione.
I scorne to suckle the Baby,
Vnlesse it were mine owne.



Thoult be to my successe,
Should I both booke and bed it,
For neuer woman diu'd
to a Ballard in this kind.
O lone leaue off this fackton,
I will be thy commendation
To take commiseration,
let not the child be pind.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

What if the heat be kindred?
Experience hath obserued
It should not bee preferred
by her that is thy wife.
The patience will appeare more,
I take it Iuggie therefore.
Beware with my fault, so therefore
Should we continue strife:
Suckle the Baby, &c.

I doubt I shall be forced,
From thee to bee diuorced,
Thy blood shall nere be nursed,
by me nor by my col.
O wife be not so cruell,
Thou knowest thou art my Iewell,
Be certaine if thou doe well,
thy labour is not lost.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

My neighbours will deride me,
And none that dwell beside me
Will enermore abide me
for such a p'sident.
So lone thou art mistaken,
I will other times awaken,
Then let some course be taken
for the childs nourishment.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Let patient Grissels stoyle,
Be still in thy memoyle,
Who winne a lasting gloyle,
through patience in like sort:
Although it touch thee merly,
This Barne that looks so cheerele,
Shall binde me still more deerele,
so lone thee better for't.
Suckle the Baby, &c.

Well Iohn thy intercession
Hath chang'd my disposition,
And now upon condition
thou'lt goe no more astray:
He entertaine thy Baby,
And loue it as well as may be.
Doe so (Iugge Iugge) I pray thee;
then this is a topfull day.

Suckle the Baby,
Huggle the Baby,
Rocke the Baby lone:
I prethee Iugge loue my Baby,
And count it to be thine owne.

I haue a Girle, I boze it
But iust a day before it,
Although we be but youre yet,
these two we will maintaine:
He suckle it, and dandle it,
And thou shalt sope and canble get:
and thus betwixt us twayne,
We'll suckle the Baby,
And huggle the Baby.
Gramercy honest lone.
O Iohn He rocke thy Baby,
As well as 'twere mine owne.

FINIS.

Printed in London for M. G.